UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

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VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1148.

Original Poetry.

RANDOM REVERIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY ORLANDO GEORGE.

The things of Time! they pass away
Before the grave's wan view;
And baseful images that display
Their glories to the eye to-day,
To-morrow yield to mouldering urn.
How like the feathery mist, or dew
That glitters on the leaf at dawn—
How like the rainbow's baseless hue—
The sunshine of the soul are they!

Of every hame alike, the spoils,
The hoary-headed monarch chases—
The youngling with its lively yells,
The palace with its princely cares.
The gorgeous garb ornament wears,
Throughout of Misery's necessities wants;
Is clothing, and such object bears
The ever varying stamp of change.

From Greenland, with her polar pines,
Bedecked with downward icy cones,
To Inde! land of the children of palms,
Arabia slashes and heaves of Ind—
Through nature's regal realm, around,
Wherever life or form is found—
Through earth the eye can roam,
From the least insect up to man—
From man to things that he treasured
His pomp's power to comprehend,
This seems the order of the birth
Of all the myriad objects of earth.

Still doth the great Creator sit
Enthroned in majesty sublime,
Seeing the ever flying years
Of Time!
The countless years of Time!
And spheres that joined the choral chase
But now, may sack in Lethe's surge,
And other orbs may rise to prase,
And other orbs their dirge—
Yet HE, from his unshaken seat
In wide eternity, he dwelling,
Looks calmly down, where at his feet
The restless tides of Time are swelling;
And still the power that sent unfurled
Upon the evening breeze its wing,
That gave the planets paths, and hurled
The beseeling comets through the sky,
Hold's mankind's glass before his eyes!
And guards it with unslumbering lore—
Still runs among the hours of Heaven,
And marks the secret thoughts of men.

Of man! O God! what is his worth
That thou, the source of life and power
Shouldst stoop to mind his going forth
Where'er he set his heel!
His mightiest monuments of pride
Are but the wrecks of Time's ceaseless waves,
And scarce their ruins serve to guide
The wanderers in their makers' graves:
Of all the mortal scenes the rack vexed springs,
To Tudmor's towers the ivy clings:
The highest spot her dusky wings
When once the monarch's speech reigned,
And o'er the mouldering heap of kings
The jackal wanders unrestrained!

So conquers Time! Beneath his tread
The growing earth is strewn with dead—
By him the meanest heart is laid
In death's remorseless, chilling thrall,
The noblest human form is made
A dweller in his narrow hall;
Alike he humbles to the centre pall
Above the conquered and the weak—
Together is not his fearful call
The mighty and the meek
From proud, imperial beauty's cheek
He strips the rose's radiant bloom,
And bids her, with the pinin one, seek
The pinin and the tomb.
But shall the Christian yield to gloom
Because his fragile tenement must fall?
No! fortune let him wait his doom—
Let sickness bow his frame—
Though all his mortal vision sees
Must bow to nature's dark decrees,
From Heaven's eternal clock his center's rod
Up to the beaming worlds above,
He trust in a changeless God—
His justice and his love.

Original Tales.

TRANSLATED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

THE BASHAW OF BUDA.

Founded on Fact.

CONTINUED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HENRY FISCHORKE.

BY DR. H. SCHOLL.

CHAPTER VI.

It was only when they were seated opposite each other at table that the tumultuous joy of their meeting subsided, and they could gaze at each other with a more collected look, and many things which they were asked by both, and each admired in his friend the look of manliness and beauty. Two years had passed since they saw each other at the country seat La Surras, Oliver therefore was twenty-six and Cuggy twenty-four years of age.

Oliver related what had occurred to him, and whatever he had heard of the affairs at La Surras; but of Helen he said not many words, and only when she was mentioned, though he was always strongly interested in her.

Cuggy spoke of what had befallen himself. "you know," said he, "for what reason I left my father so suddenly, but I was not dismayed by my poverty, on the contrary, I was in good spirits, and in my future destiny. I was, as you know, a tall, stout lad looking more than fourteen, and accustomed to labor and exertion in all kinds of weather. My dad had always been of the simplest kind, and I was certain that the means of life could be had by somebody ordinary. Having walked rapidly, with cheering thoughts, all night, I sat down to rest at daybreak, but when taking out your knife to cut my crust of bread, you know that I was so totally, my love for you overpowered me, and I wept bitterly."

Saying this Cuggy took from his pocket-book of pearl knife and held it up to his friend—"look, Oliver," said he, "it is still in my possession." Oliver was bewitched with the goodness of Cuggy's love, he sprang up and eagerly embraced him.

Cuggy proceeded with his story.—"Whilst I sat there and kept looking at the knife, a carriage came in the sun. You were of a good family and would go to the army with the commission of a lieutenant in your pocket; whilst I, the son of a poor peasant, I only should have to become a servant at the baggage wagon, a groom, or at best a mere common soldier. This grieved me, but I soon after obtained a very strong money that I might present myself in good clothes to your parents, so the son of a respectable family. These reasons which seemed to me true at the time seem at last to be fulfilled, and in the following way."

"I went to Pontorier and was there taken into the service of a rich man, and as I pleased him by my zeal and activity, he transferred from the office of spinning wool and grooming horses to the charge of waiting on him personally. As my wages increased my personal appearance was more to character, and having won that I owned a good hand I was promoted to the rank of clerk and accountant, in which I managed so well that I was very well liked. Here my salary was quite ample, and as I was told in secret by him and his wife and children I might have been happy, but the death of the great Gunde robbed me of my sleep and my peace. His valorate on the Rhine was the constant theme of conversation, and I envied my eyes no every pamphlet and paper which related to him. Finally I read books of history and travels of which my master had a great number in his library.

"My aspirations for the life of a soldier were sooner gratified than I expected, for in the spring of 1815 my master died suddenly of apoplexy, and his family as my dismissal made me a handsome present in money. I wrote again to my father, sending him at large a sum as I could spare, once more I begged him to pardon me for leaving him and for committing my determination to become a soldier. I left Pontarlier, went through Basel and over the Rhine to the army of Condé, where I arrived at the adjutant of the French. I requested to be conducted to the commanding officer. I was brought to him, it was the Marquis de Bellefond.

"'What is it you want, young man?' said he in a sharp voice. Quite unabashed, I told him that I was a Swiss of good parentage, but that I possessed from his mind; although Count Oliver, smarting under the passion and its utter hopelessness, could not control his irascibility at times. Happily for him, his attentions and sympathies were soon called into action in another direction.

CHAPTER VII.

One day Cuggy arrived in Vienna from very unexpectedly, for, though they had long looked for his arrival, they were constantly disappointed.

"I merely stop for one instant," said he—only eight days—and I have ridden day and night to get so much time as I could. I did not succeed in getting a foreign as I applied, but I received a commission for Milan."

Oliver was quite overpowered with joy and his late passion vanished into air. He presented his friend to his parents, who compelled him to remain at their house, and the whole day was spent in his praise, and in his good fortune, who, from a simple gentlemen, had risen to such distinction. People ran to the windows to look at him and to gaze at the whole town of La Surras, thought they had never seen so noble and handsome a man. His graceful and dignified bearing and his benignity of countenance won all hearts, and it was with a mingled feeling of awe and pride, that they looked into his dark, flashing eyes. Every thing connected with him was the constant theme of conversation. His black glossy hair, which hung in curls, his soldier's dress, the way in which he wore his sword, his satisfaction, his attention to the ladies. were all canvassed and scrutinized and he was voted to be both Apollo and Mars in one.

After supper, his relations and father had been dismissed, Count Oliver, Cuggy and Helen remained alone, and it was with a mingled feeling of awe and pride, that they looked into his dark, flashing eyes. Every thing connected with him was the constant theme of conversation. His black glossy hair, which hung in curls, his soldier's dress, the way in which he wore his sword, his satisfaction, his attention to the ladies,

of our ship; the whole scene grew indescribably confused and horrible; it was like some awfully monstrous dream in nature, where discordant sounds were by incessant outcries of horror, carrying death in every flash, and shrieking the ground with the dying forms of the lovely, and the brave, the scene was rendered more horrible than that by the presence of the torments of blood which it exhibited.

Through the mutual fray he pointed, yet, as it still seemed the horror of war, and not as what a fearful price a victory is won, or lost, I will present the reader with nothing in the sort out of the ordinary course of the bloody fight. I was hastily supporting one of the officers, who, I had seen, had received a deep gash with a pistol shot, when I found myself pulled from the arm of a man stretched at our feet, and, before I could recover myself, I was thrown down by an instant, the third movement and blow following the second the water, and the sword of the assailant was struck home to the ensign.

The noise of the combat now rang through all parts of the ship. Those were carried to the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those more severely wounded, who were dead outright, were immediately thrown overboard. As I was endeavoring to stanch the blood from the main lacerated, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the gun next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to aiding with all my might to keep them at their quarters. I saw two of four guns supplied with cartridges. I saw two of them hale fell mortally wounded. One of these was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to endure amputation above the wound. The other had a jagged cut scatter shot sent through his ankle. Although the latter had been killed before he could be carried below to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off, and was then made fight for life. Two of the boys were stationed at the powder magazine, were incessantly thrown overboard. As I was endeavoring to stanch a deep gash from the main lacerated, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the gun next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to aiding with all my might to keep them at their quarters. I saw two of four guns supplied with cartridges. I saw two of them hale fell mortally wounded. One of these was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to endure amputation above the wound. The other had a jagged cut scatter shot sent through his ankle. Although the latter had been killed before he could be carried below to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off, and was then made fight for life. Two of the boys were stationed at the powder magazine, were incessantly thrown overboard. As I was endeavoring to stanch a deep gash from the main lacerated, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the gun next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to aiding with all my might to keep them at their quarters. I saw two of four guns supplied with cartridges. I saw two of them hale fell mortally wounded. One of these was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to endure amputation above the wound. The other had a jagged cut scatter shot sent through his ankle. Although the latter had been killed before he could be carried below to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off, and was then made fight for life. Two of the boys were stationed at the powder magazine, were incessantly thrown overboard.

One of the officers in our division also fell in my sight. He was a middle-aged fellow, named Nathaniel Kwell. A gruge or cashier shot struck him in the heart; exclaiming, "Oh! my God!" he fell, and was carried below, where he shortly after died.

Mr. Hope, our first lieutenant, was also slightly wounded by a grummet, or small iron ring, projected from from a lieutenant's sword. The other had a pistol shooting to the nose to fight on. Having had his wound dressed, he came up again, standing by me at the top of his voice, and blowing as fight with all our might. There was not a man in the ship by a that have rejoiced had he been in the place of our men's mate, the enthusiasm was fearful.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might. I observed that each time, though I was fire I seemed to know for what. Certainly there was nothing very inspiriting in the aspect of things where I was stationed. So terrible had been the work of destruction round us, it was termed the slaughter-house. Not only had we had several boys and men killed or wounded, but several of the guns were disabled. But one I belonged to had a piece of the muzzle knocked out; and when the ship rolled, it struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four pound shot had also passed through the arm of the magazine, immediately over the cockpit through which we passed our powder. The cartridges were received a fresh wound. The brave boatswain, who came from the sick bay to the door of battle, was lamenting a dead body of a man which had been shot away, when his head was somebody to prepare for a cross-sea; another man, going in search of the unfinished task, was also struck down. Another of the midshipmen was mention a severe wound. The unfortunate ward-room steward, who the reader will recollect, only that can be filled on a former occasion, was killed. A fellow named John, who, in some point of view, had the misfortune to be a man of infamy, was carried past me, mortally wounded. I distinctly heard the last breath draw full past, yet, on the whole, he was a remarkable brave. Even a poor poet, but by the effects that he also fell, a victim to rage of general carnage; her hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was thrown overboard.

Such was the terrible scene, said which we kept on our shooting and firing. Our men fought like fiends. Some were pulled off their guns, others threw their jackets and waist; while some, still more desperate, had taken off their shirts, and, with nothing but a handkerchief tied round the waistbands of their trousers, fought like heroes. Jack on the flight, the reader will recollect, was then at his best. After observed a boy, named Lemon, who was about the same distance from the magazine. He came to and fro on the full run, and appeared to be as merry as a cricket." The third lieutenant cheered him along, considerably, by saying, "Well done, my boy, you are worth your weight in gold!"

I do not know how mixed what were my feelings during this fight. I felt pretty much as I suppose every one does at such a time. That men are subject to strength when they stand round the dying and the dead, is too closed an idea to be entertained a moment. We all expressed; but I have often said that many a serious thought ran through my mind: still what they were I do not know. Was it a sentiment, or was it of existence? Or was from our quarters would have been carried to death from the hands of one's adversary; to give way to gloom, or to show fear, would do no good and might lead to with the issue of contests, and ensure certain defeat. Our only true philosophy, therefore, was to make the best of our situation, by fighting bravely and cheerfully.

I caught a great deal, however, of the other world; every groan, every failing man, told me that the next moment I might be in the lodge of all the dead. For this, I felt unprepared; but being without any particular knowledge of religious truth, I seized it myself by repeating some and again the Lord's prayer, and professing that if spared I would in more attention to religious duties than ever before. This promise I had no merit, at the time, of keeping; but I have known more than I could have stated during peace amidst the roar of the battle's thunder, or in the horrors of shipwreck, than in long hours that are dull or silent, and safety seems upon our path.

While these thoughts scarcely agitated my breast, the din of battle continued. Grape and canister shot were pouring through our particular deck, and, in fact, carrying death in their trail. The large shot came again and again, and like iron hail, slashed her to the very keel, or passing through her timbers, and scattering terrible splinters, which did a most gallant work than even their own death-giving blows. The reader may form an idea of the effect of grape and canister, when he is told that every shot is formed by seven or eight balls confined to in two and to a circle. These balls are scattered by the explosion of the powder. Cannot shot is made by filling a pe ter canister with balls, and as large as two or three combat balls; then the canister soon shows the effect when discharged. What then with splinters, canister balls, grape and canister poured upon us in the midst of battle, may well be said that the work of death went on in a manner which cannot have been satisfactory even to the king of Terrors himself.

Suddenly the rattling of the iron had ceased. We were ordered to cease firing. A profound silence ensued, broken only by the distant groans of the brave sufferers below. It was soon ascertained that the enemy had shot aboard to repair damages, for as she was not disabled but she could not do it in our difficulty; while we were so cut up that we lay nearly helpless. Our head braces were shot away; the fore and main topgallant were gone, the mizzen mast hung over the north, having carried several men over in its fall; we were in the state of a complete wreck.

A council was now held among the officers on the quarter deck. Our condition was perilous in the extreme; victory or escape was alike hopeless. Our ship was literally many of our men were killed and many more wounded. The enemy would withstand only a few broadsides more, and then strike, as she now could choose her own position, would without doubt take us fore and aft. Any further attempt was, therefore, folly. So, in spite of the bad-natured Governor, Mr. Hope, who seemed them not to strike but to sink, was ordered to the colors. This was done by the hauling down a small ensign from the gaff. Our sighthood hence had now scarcely a pound his foot to fly on it was a pleasure to see the enemy's ship. I had seen fighting enough for one Sabbath; more than I wished for again in a week; and hoped Britannia Majesty's frigate Macedonian was now the point of the American frigate Chesapeake.

Agricultural.

USEFULNESS OF BIRDS

An extensive experiment has been made on the Continent, the result of which has been the opinion that the farmer would be benefited by destroying jays, &c., and the small birds on their farms, especially when there are orchards. That idea is certainly the smallest amongst the grain birds there can be no doubt; but the fact is in addition to a range commenced by the good they do in spring, by the havoc they make are round the wood house. The quantity of grain and fruit consumed by crows, and of caterpillars and beetles by the small birds, is quite incredible to accurate measure. Other tribes of birds watch feed on the wing, destroy millions of the insects which would otherwise infest the air and become unexpectedly troublesome; even those which are known to be addicted to pilfering have actually more, proved to be innocent, for upon examination, they are found to feed on those kinds only which existence more contributes benefit. On some very large farms, a gamekeeper deliberately, we are given to be of a reward for the heads of the rooks, but he soon found it expedient to discontinue for nearly the whole of their supplied of the finest succulent grubs, and have since found it necessary to import them to replenish their forest. And of some years, having also established on his large and young farm-house in orchards, by a species of compulsion, was excited to destroy all the birds which he been found to have access from the haunts of the stripping them of their heads after another search, if they had been left unmolested, would have found a full or large share for their comfortable meals.

Every man possesses at least one pound of food a week, and nine-tenths of that food consist of worms, grubs, and insects; one hundred crows, then, to one season, destroy four thousand seven hundred and ninety pounds of worms, grubs, insects, and larvæ from the one fact, must might also say in favour of the invaluable of that much-persecuted bird, the farmer's best friend; but a thousand more well-attested facts might be stated to show the value of birds to the farmer if more were needed. Let every farmer and every one who is interested in the husbandry of his country, encourage the kindly feeling which prevents them, and the fear of the country will no longer be disgraced by the persecution of the most beautiful and useful of the feathered tribe.

Through the mutual fray he pointed, yet, as it still seemed the horror of war, and not as what a fearful price a victory is won, or lost, I will present the reader with nothing in the sort out of the ordinary course of the bloody fight. I was hastily supporting one of the officers, who, I had seen, had received a deep gash with a pistol shot, when I found myself pulled from the arm of a man stretched at our feet, and, before I could recover myself, I was thrown down by an instant, the third movement and blow following the second the water, and the sword of the assailant was struck home to the ensign.

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Saturday Morning, July 29, 1848.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. We can therefore only ask them to answer, send their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we hope payment promptly.

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OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

"Cucumber Time" is upon us, and as cucumbers upon the digestive organs, so seems the spirit of heat upon the political world. Everything is in a ferment of business—dwelling victims at watering places and fashionable resorts—the country in a state of excitement in literature, theological controversy and paragraphing only being active; upon all parts of the country, and in every direction, the spirit of the times is the topic in the newspapers just now is the controversy which, originating in the English Church, has spread to this country, and become one in the wider papers, too, are seizing upon this epoch thence to relieve the tedium of the dog-days, and editors are to be found in each and every section of the country before very highly rated, are plunging into the fray with all the confidence of old cronies. Well—let them enjoy it—it is their vocation, and if they are not study shall be to keep this paper as far as possible without the vortex. Leaving religious controversy to the proper channels, we shall continue to regard it but only such interesting facts as fall under our notice, and such news as we have done, to treat all denominations with impartiality.

Among the literary varieties in this days paper will be found some remarks upon the new work by Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, which is shortly to be published. Judging from this specimen it will be perceived that Sam is fortunate hand as our English host, as a foil, the author has introduced a new character, Mr. Hopewell, who is disposed to be very cheerful in England. Apropos, of this sort of thing. Dickens is very severely rated by the papers for his caricature of New York. But mind all the world there is some truth, and more than usual discernment genius are in the passages in which he refers to the peculiarities of persons with foreign tastes; people whose standards of merit in art, in manners, in education, morals, religion, and manners are all foreign—who have no sympathies with anything of their own country—sing foreign music, wear foreign fabrics, know the whole English peerage by name and by heart, and are in fact foreigners in everything but the country—our foreign writers, who, in fine, surround themselves with a sort of conservatory of exotic thoughts and feeling, and call it "the world" when it is but the most limited circle of instruments so to mere notation; for, when they come to write, they will not call any sort discourse to itself sweet intonations; have been delighted thoughts and are those who are sluggishly and graciously attend, the author or the composer, and to their own misfortune, for they to elicit them in their own minds with the grace that should have been theirs. Dickens, Dudley Lord the speaker's lips. Now, Mr. L—ve seems to have been fully aware of this, and has, in the character of Mr. Hopewell, not only given us a true picture of the English people, but has taken occasion, in another place, to say that he considers the Americans as a finer race than the English

United States SATURDAY POST.

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☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

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☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

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ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for August.* The present number, is one of the finest ever issued. The leading engraving "*The Park Fountain and City Hall, N. York,*" was drawn and engraved expressly for the Magazine, by James Smiley, who is justly regarded as the best landscape engraver in this country. It is a most beautiful plate. The next is a capital likeness of "*William Cullen Bryant,*" the poet. The third, "*The Attack,*" is a most effective engraving, in Dick's best style, of a Scene in the Old French War.

The list of contributors embraces the names of the best writers of the country; the present number contains original articles from the following:—Miss Sedgwick, Miss Barrett, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Smith; J. Fenimore Cooper, G. W. Bethune, C. F. Hoffman, H. W. Herbert, J. R. Lowell, E. A. Poe, G. G. Foster, S. D. Patterson, etc. Altogether, this number will enhance the already great reputation of the work.

The N. Y. Aurora says:—"The literary contents of the present number is beyond comparison of a higher order than can be found in any other of the fashionable magazines in the country; and Mr. Graham has shown his sagacity in gradually elevating and solidifying the literary character of his work, to meet the increasing purity and severity of public taste."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—In the present number we notice among the contributors the names of Professor Frost, Mrs. Hale, Miss Annan, Mrs. Sigourney, Mr. Herbert, T. S. Arthur, Morton McMichael, H. T. Tuckerman, and other well known authors. There is a poem by some one whom we take to be a new contributor, entitled "The Chase of the Creole, the Isles of the Ind." For easiness of versification, luxuriance of poetic imagery, and copiousness of accidentals in description, this poem is one of the most remarkable ever written. The theme and the execution are in perfect and beautiful keeping. The other contributors have done their duty, the engravings are good and a good contrast, and the number is a highly pleasing one altogether.

LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY. *Philadelphia: Godey & McMichael.*—The number for August contains several original compositions, and a large amount of selections made with exceedingly good taste. On the *score* of attraction the work must succeed with the daughters—on the *scale* of economy with the parents—and where tasteful daughters desire, kinde parents *must*, in such a case as this, execute an *obligato* movement to their pockets. Thus will *concord* of relations produce a concord of sweet sounds in the drawing-room of many a cheerful family.

HANNAH MORE. Number Two of the Harper's Edition of Hannah More's Works has been received by Zieber, W. H. Graham, and Perkins and Purves. Among its contents are "Parley the Porter," "A Cure for Melancholy," "The Sunday School," "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," and other pieces of that sort, which one reads again and again, and which published in various forms, have done more practical good than all the sermons ever printed. Let every family which has no copy of Hannah More, embrace this opportunity to buy a cheap and handsome edition.

LIEBIG'S CHEMISTRY, *applied to Agriculture. Edited by Playfair. Philadelphia: Campbell & Co.*—Of the character of this work we take it to be unnecessary to say any thing; as it has received the highest recommendations from competent journalists and agriculturists, in the old world and the new. Of this edition the imprint is proof enough that it is one of the neatest and most correct extant. Campbell & Co. understand perfectly how to combine a low price with high excellence of execution.

CHUZZLEWIT, &c.—We have, from Zieber & Co. the New World Supplement, embracing continuations of new novels by James, Lever, Lover, Ainsworth, and Dickens. Martin Chuzzlewit in this part arrives in New York, and the two chapters are devoted to the broad caricature. We hope our editors will not gratify the author by flying in a ridiculous passion with the work. It is too small a matter to "shoot wagons at," as the Indian described General Jackson's artillery.

SCENES IN INDIAN LIFE. *Philadelphia: Colon.*—No. 4 of this work contains three Designs: The Battle, The Triumphal Return, and the War Dance. Like the preceding etchings in the work they are spirited and life like. One number more completes the series, and we shall then have on our tables the first creditable attempt to illustrate Indian Life, which has been made at a rate within the limit of the popular standard of price.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.—We have before called attention to this periodical, of which Mr. Van Yorx is the agent, and we would again press its claims upon the attention of those who like to read foreign literature and news. It is conducted with taste and ability, evident in its selections and general character, as well as in its editorials;—neatly printed, and every way deserving of patronage.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. *Philadelphia: Wm. F. Geddes.*—The number for July contains articles good in every requisite except those which writers can obtain only by intercourse with the world. It is impossible that a magazine edited by undergraduates—or even by graduates recently fledged—can be any thing but a college magazine. It must have the sophomore savor.

BRANDE'S DICTIONARY, Part X., leaving but two more numbers to complete the work, has been published by the Harpers, and may be had in this city of Zieber, of Perkins & Purves, and of W. H. Graham. The neatness with which this work is printed is not among the least of its recommendations, and its compact though clear type, makes it embrace a library of information.

☞ An editor "out west" saw an article credited to "John Neal's Brother Jonathan." He copied it into his paper, and being a man of brevity, credited it to "Jonathan Neal." A very natural mistake. But the first error was to call the paper "John Neal's." His pen sparkles in it—but there are others engaged who give the sheet variety and excellence.

DR. PUSEY'S SERMON.—The Sermon of Doctor Pusey, which caused his suspension, has been republished in this country, already, by three houses—Campbell & Co.; Appleton & Co.; and Harper & Brothers. On a subject so strictly theological and controversial, we have nothing to say. Copies may be had of Zieber, Appleton, Graham, and others.

COLD WATER MAGAZINE. *Philadelphia: Moore & Fritz.*—No. 1 of the third volume of this work is a decided improvement on its former shape and appearance; the matter is various and well arranged, [illegible]

HISTORY OF THE SAVIOUR. *Hewett & Co.*, the publishers of the illustrated Common Prayer, have in press a History of the Saviour, the literary portion by Dr. Wainwright, the graphic by the same engravers who have illustrated the Common Prayer. It will be published in numbers in this city by W. H. Graham, 98 Chesnut street.

THE ROVER.—This periodical, published in New York by Lainee & Co., and in Philadelphia by Colon, is now in part edited by Seba Smith, Esq., whose pen, with the contributions of his accomplished wife, add much to the value of the periodical.

FROISSART.—No. 5, of the neat cheap edition of Froissart, has made its appearance, and may be had of Zieber & Co. We spoke only a week or two since, at some length, of the character of this edition.

THE MISER, by Henry D. Inglis, and other new publications are received from J. H. Van Yorx. The title is taking—the contents may be ascertained for a "small premium."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for July, the cheap reprint is for sale at Zieber's. It is well printed, and is of the usual elevated literary character of "Old Ebony."

THE SCOTTISH HEIRESS is the title of a novel the first American edition of which, published in a very neat form is on sale by Zieber & Co. and Van Yorx.

☞ Lea & Blanchard have published the last number of Martin Chuzzlewit, embellished with engravings.

☞ Appleton's Edition of Dr. Pusey's Sermon, contains all the notes and extracts as published in England.

Religious Intelligence.

CHURCHES IN READING.—A correspondent of the Ledger, writing from Reading, says: "There are twelve churches of different denominations in this place. It is more than *one hundred years* since the settlement was first commenced, but English preaching dates back only to the year 1813. The Rev. Dr. Greer was the first pastor of the First Presbyterian Church; a man distinguished for his attainments, and respected for his piety. This church is now on a permanent foundation, and is exerting a wide and salutary influence. Its present excellent pastor, the Rev. Mr. Sterling, has been much blessed in his discreet and untiring labors. An English Lutheran Church has recently been organized under favorable auspices. They have not yet erected a house of worship, but I am happy to learn that the good work will soon be commenced. That it may be vigorously prosecuted and happily consummated, every good man will desire.

☞ The Germantown Telegraph states that the whole amount of receipts at the Fair held by the ladies of the First Presbyterian Church of that place, was five hundred and fifty-seven dollars and seventy-eight cents—which, after deducting the expenses, amounting to $55,55, leaves the very handsome sum of $502 23.

☞ The Presbyterian Synod of Canada, which lately met in Toronto, passed resolutions declaring their adherence to the principles which have occasioned the secession from the established Church of Scotland.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 30th.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Church of the Epiphany, Schuylkill Eighth and Chesnut streets. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Tenth Church, corner of Twelfth and Walnut street. Northwest Sabbath School Room, corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Willow street.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—Western Church corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth street.—Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

GERMAN REFORMED.—German Reformed Church, Race street below Fourth.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

MORMON.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

MARINERS.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

Miscellaneous News

ARREST.—A man named Jacob Reed, an old convict, has been arrested in London as the robber of Messrs. J. Little & Co., of New York a year or two since. Prior to his departure, at Philadelphia, he purchased twelve one thousand dollar Treasury Notes, eight of which were recorded, and the numbers, dates, etc. sent to Washington, where the payment was stopped. Five of these notes have made their appearance. They were deposited by, probably, this same person in the Union Bank in England, for collection, have been sent out here to Pickersgill & Co., and have been paid by the Bank of America. Here followeth litigation. By the way, can Reed be given up, under the Treaty, for what was done *before* its ratification?

SINGULAR CELEBRATION.—The Belfast (Me.) Signal, states that a Mr. Jones S. Barrett, of that place, on the 23d instant, celebrated "the coming of the first year of the second advent of Christ," by hoisting on a liberty pole in front of his house a flag bearing the inscription "Opening of the Seven Seals," and decorated with a picture representing a Bible with seven clasps, three of which were broken. At nine o'clock, seven cannon were fired, representing the seven Thunders that uttered their voices upon the opening of the Seals. The bugle, fife and drum were introduced, with other ceremonies, and the military rattle was kept up for some time in the grove of pine trees set out for the occasion in front of the house.

FALL RIVER SUFFERERS.—Boston has sent $17,600, Providence has contributed $3828 28, besides clothing, provisions, &c.; Salem $2361 58; Worcester over $1100; New Bedford $1689,64, and six wagon loads of clothing, provisions, and furniture. To this, says the New Bedford Bulletin, must be added the amount the citizens of New Bedford pay, through the Bristol Co. Fire Insurance Company, $50,000.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The dwelling houses of Mr. Henry Junip, in Tuckahoe, Queen Ann county, and Mr. T. B. Dawson, in Talbot county, Md., were struck by lightning and much injured. In Mr. Dawson's house, the fluid discharged two guns, burst a powder flask, and set fire to a keg containing powder, but fortunately it was extinguished before an explosion took place.

DEFALCATION AND SUICIDE.—Mr. James M. Reynolds, Clerk of the County Commissioners Court for St. Clair county, Ill., after destroying all the county records, committed suicide by blowing out his brains, on the 6th inst. He is supposed to have been a defaulter; at all events, the county will sustain a great loss by the destruction of the records.

MORE DISSOLUTION.—A week or two since, we announced the dissolution of the Repeal Association in Charleston, S. C., on account of Mr. O'Connell's declared views in relation to Slavery in this country. The Natchez Association has followed suit, and given its funds to the Natchez Female Orphan Asylum.

SUFFOCATED.—A sailor named Conway, was suffocated on board the ship Glasgow, at New York, last Saturday. They were smoking the vessel to get out the rats, and all the hatches were closed, but the deceased, ignorant of what had been going on, went into the forecastle to sleep, and was found dead in his berth in the morning.

☞ The total loss of property, by the great fire, at Copenhagen, of which we received an account by the Caledonia, is estimated at 2,000,000 of rix bank dollars, or 5,000,000 of francs. Thirty-two firemen or soldiers were more or less wounded, and seven firemen, four soldiers, and a lieutenant of the artillery, were killed.

☞ On the 4th inst., at Mather's Prairie, Scott county, Mo., while a slight-of-hand performer was going through his tricks, a number of persons rushed into the room without having paid the admittance fee. A quarrel ensued, in which Medad Randles was mortally stabbed in the left breast. The show-man was arrested.

BENJAMIN RATHBUN.—The term of seven years for which this extraordinary individual was sent to the N. Y. State Prison, for forgery, will expire in September next. Some of the Buffalo papers are already making calculations about the benefits that will result from his return to the scene of his former operations.

☞ A man named John Barnes, died in New York on Friday, from the effects of malpractice. A quack recommended cold baths to him every night and morning. He died under the effects of the experiment. The Coroner's Jury rendered a verdict in accordance with these facts.

NARROW ESCAPE.—A groomsman was half married by mistake for the bridegroom a few days since at Cleveland. He was sadly frightened, as may be supposed, and has resolved never to be caught in so dangerous a position again till he means something by it.

NEW BANKS.—Notice is given that the Carlisle Bank, in Carlisle, Penn., will apply for a renewal of charter; and that a charter will be asked for by citizens of Clinton county, under the title of the Lockhaven Bridge and Banking Company.

☞ On the morning of the 4th inst., the "Bay Mill," at Hannibal, Mo., celebrated for the excellent quality of its flour, was totally destroyed by fire. It was owned by Messrs. Lave and Showers. The loss is estimated at $10,000.

ALMOST TOO CHEAP.—The number of officers in the French army who are decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor is 5851, viz:—51 Grand Crosses, 126 Grand Officers, 401 Commanders, 860 Officers, and 4413 Knights.

☞ The total amount of subscription paid in to the Central Relief Committee of Guadaloupe for the aid of the sufferers of that island, amounted on the 13th of June last to 2,786,364 francs.

WOOL.—Chenango County, N. Y., has sold about 400,000 pounds of Wool this season, at an average of 29 cents per pound, or 20 per cent. higher than last year. Nett product, $116,000.

MR. JOHN CASAY, a veteran of the Revolution, died at Rocky Hill, in Warren county, Ky., on the 10th instant, after having attained to the great age of one hundred and six years.

☞ The Utica and Schenectady Railroad Company have declared a semi-annual dividend of four dollars on each share, payable on the 1st of August.

☞ A New Orleans paper contains an announcement of a bear, dog, and bull fight, about to take place in that neighborhood on a Sunday!

From New Works.

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

Judge Haliburton has just concluded a new volume of his celebrated series of Sam Slick. It is termed "The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England," and gives some racy sketches of English society and manners. We subjoin an extract admirably illustrative of the characters of the two principal personages, Sam and Mr. Hopewell, both intended by the author for "Yankees."

Mr. Slick and Mr. Hopewell are both studies. The former is a perfect master of certain chords; he has practised upon them, not for philosophical, but for mercenary purposes. He knows the depth, and strength, and tone of vanity, curiosity, pride, envy, avarice, superstition, nationality, and local and general prejudice. He has learned the effect of these, not because they contribute to make him wiser, but because they make him richer; not to enable him to regulate his conduct in life, but to promote and secure the increase of his trade.

Mr. Hopewell, on the contrary, has studied the human heart as a philanthropist, as a man whose business it was to minister to it, to cultivate and improve it. His views are more sound and comprehensive than those of the other's, and his objects are more noble. They are both extraordinary men.

They differed, however, materially in their opinion of England and its institutions. Mr. Slick evidently viewed them with prejudice. Whether this arose from the supercilious manner of English tourists in America, or from the ridicule they have thrown upon Republican society, in the books of travels they have published, after their return to Europe, I could not discover; but it soon became manifest to me, that Great Britain did not stand so high in his estimation, as the colonies did.

Mr. Hopewell, on the contrary, from early associations, cherished a feeling of regard and respect for England; and when his opinion was asked, he always gave it with great frankness and impartiality. When there was any thing he could not approve of, it appeared to be a subject of regret to him; whereas, the other seized upon it at once as a matter of great exultation. The first sight we had of land naturally called out their respective opinions.

There is an admirable contrast between their opinions of England. That of the Clockmaker, though exaggerated, has some truth and much spirit. It may be taken as an offset to Dickens's Notes and abuse of this country.

"There's plenty of civility here to England if you pay for it: you can buy as much in five minits, as will make you sick for a week; but if you don't pay for it, you not only won't get it, but you get sarce instead of it, that is if you are fool enough to stand and have it rubbed in. They are as cold as charity, and mean enough to put the sun in eclipse, are the English. They hante set up the brazen image here to worship, but they've got a gold one, and that they do adore and no mistake; it's all pay, pay, pay; parquisite, parquisite, parquisite; extortion, extortion, extortion. There is a whole pack of yelpin' devils to your heels here, for everlastingly a cringin', fawnin' and coaxin', or snarlin', grumblin' or bullyin' you out of your money. There's the boatman, and tidewaiter, and porter, and customer, and truck man as soon as you land; and the servant-man, and chamber-gall, and boots, and porter again to the inn. And then on the road, there is truck-lifter, and coachman, and guard, and beggar-man, and a critter that opens the coach door, that they calls a waterman, cause he is internal dirty, and never sees water. They are jist like a snarl o' snakes, their name is legion, and there ain't no eend to 'em. The only thing you get for nothin' here is rain and smoke, the rumatis, and scorny airs."

He now went below, leaving Mr. Hopewell and myself on the deck. All this tirade of Mr. Slick was uttered in the hearing of the pilot, and intended rather for his conciliation, than my instruction. The pilot was immovable; he let the cause against his country go "by default," and left us to our process of "inquiry;" but when Mr. Slick was in the act of descending to the cabin, he turned and gave him a look of admeasurement, very similar to that which a grazier gives an ox; a look which estimates the weight and value of the animal, and I am bound to admit, that the result of that "sizing or laying" as it is technically called, was by no means favorable to the Attaché.

Mr. Hopewell had evidently not attended to it; his eye was fixed on the bold and precipitous shore of Wales, and the lofty summits of the everlasting hills, that in the distance aspired to a companionship with the clouds. I took my seat at a little distance from him and surveyed the scene with mingled feelings of curiosity and admiration, until a thick volume of sulphureous smoke from the copper furnaces of Anglesey intercepted our view.

"Squire," said he, "it is impossible for me to contemplate this country, that now lies before us, without strong emotion. It is our fatherland. I recollect when I was a colonist, as you are, we were in the habit of applying to it, in common with Englishmen, that endearing appellation 'Home,' and I believe you still continue to do so in the provinces. Our nursery tales taught our infant lips to lisp in English, and the ballads, that first exercised our memories, stored the mind with the traditions of our forefathers; their literature was our literature, their religion our religion, their history our history. The battle of Hastings, the murder of Becket, the signature of Runnymede, the execution at Whitehall; the divines, the poets, the orators, the heroes, the martyrs, each and all were familiar to us.

"In approaching this country now, after a lapse of many, many years, and approaching it too for the last time, for mine eyes shall see it no more, I cannot describe to you the feelings that agitate my heart. I go to visit the tombs of my ancestors; I go to my home, and my home knoweth me no more. Great and good, and brave and free are the English; and may God grant that they may ever continue so."

This amusing little volume will be published in a few days by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, in the cheap form. It is something almost unique in the history of literature, that a series, so peculiar in character, should be kept up and continued for such a length of time with so little of falling off from its original spirit.

Notices of the Dead.

MOSES DUDLEY.—The Exeter News Letter announces the death of Moses Dudley, Esq., at Raymond, N. H. For nearly forty years he had devoted from six to ten hours a day to reading—latterly the Physical and Natural Sciences. Probably few men have read and retained so much. It is certainly speaking within bounds to say, that for the last 35 years he has read upon an average, of from one hundred to two hundred pages a day, and during his life, he could not have read less than what would be equivalent to 6000 octavo volumes of 400 pages each. He died in the 78th year of his age, and down to the day of his death was able (with glasses) to read the smallest print. He was never satisfied with one hasty perusal of a book, but was often heard to remark that if a book was not worth reading more than once, it was not worth reading at all. It might be said, without exaggeration, that he was familiar with the world's history, from the earliest period of recorded time, to the present. His vast fund of knowledge, and his readiness to communicate it to others, made his conversation sought by all the intelligent and learned, who knew him. Though capable of filling the highest places in the State, he ever kept aloof from the din and strife of the political arena. He was eminently a peace maker, being for many years almost the only legal adviser in his native town, he had frequent opportunities to excercise that character. He has left nearly fifty children, grand-children, and great-grand-children to mourn his death, and cherish the memory of his virtues.

GEORGE KNIGHT.—Many in America will learn with deep regret the death of George Knight, Esq., for many years a distinguished merchant in Havana. Mr. Knight died on the evening of the 1st instant. His memory will be fondly cherished in New England, and in other parts of the country, not only by merchants and shipmasters, many of whom found in Mr. K. a firm friend in time of need, but also by great numbers of invalids who have sought in Cuba a restoration to health. To these, Mr. Knight endeared himself by the extreme kindness and delicacy with which he hastened to do every thing in his power to make them comfortable, not only anticipating their wishes, but providing for those wants which came upon them, as strangers in a strange land, unexpected and unprepared for.

GEN. CRUGER.—The Virginia papers announce the death of General Daniel Cruger, formerly of Bath, Steuben county, N. Y. Gen. Cruger was in early life, a common post-rider, from Hudson and Catskill into the Susquehanna country—carrying the mail weekly on horseback, and selling newspapers, almanacs, &c. Ambitious of a higher distinction, he studied law in Bath, and came to the bar. Thence he was returned to the Legislature, and was the famous Speaker of the yet more famous Legislature of 1815—16. Several years afterward he removed to Virginia, where he married a widow lady—and an estate. He was a strong partisan, but an amiable man.

MR. PHINEAS CAMP, died recently in the village of Whitesborough, New York, aged ninety-nine years and six months. His long life was owing, as nearly as could be learned, to an inherited vigor of constitution, temperance of eating and drinking, and an almost entire abstinence from medicine. He did not take a potion of medicine till after eighty years of age, except one during the Revolution, when the camp fever prevailed. His death was free from pain and anxiety, and he manifested intelligence until two hours before his departure.

RICHARD L. WEST, ESQ.—Our mercantile community will learn with regret the death of Richard L. West, Esq., for a long time actively engaged in the concerns of the mercantile marine of this city. Placed in a position where the opportunities of relieving distress were frequent, he at all times availed himself of every means within his control to relieve suffering, and to succor the unfortunate; and has won for himself a grateful remembrance in the mind of many a wrecked mariner whom he has rescued from the perils of the sea.

WILLIAM STERLING.—The N. Y. Express notices the decease of another old and respectable merchant, Mr. William Sterling, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. "Mr. Sterling was one of our oldest Irish merchants, long connected with the Belfast Linen Trade, and a large exporter of Flax Seed. For half a century and more, he has been known as an upright and honorable merchant. For a great number of years he has been an exemplary member of the First Presbyterian Church in Wall street."

COM. PINKHAM.—We learn from the Norfolk Beacon, that Com. Alex. B. Pinkham, of the U. S. Navy, died at his residence, near the Navy Yard, Gosport, on Sunday, leaving a wife and three children. He was a native of Massachusetts, and was distinguished for noble qualities and great professional skill and accomplishments.

☞ The Louisville papers announce the death of the Hon. Judge Rowan, in that city, on the 14th instant. He died of cholera morbus, after a sickness of two or three days.

☞ Henry Daggart, a veteran of the Revolution, was buried with martial honors at New Haven, Ct., on Saturday, the 22d. Peace to his ashes.

Latest Fashions.

BONNETS.—The most elegant are of lace lined with a colored gauze such as pink, and ornamented with a pink marabout, shaded white. We have seen others of the same material, decorated with wreaths of May roses, branches of the acacia in different colors, and the eglantine. We have seen upon some elegantes two or three composed of pale green crape, covered with a lace posse, flat upon the edge, and gracefully chiffine round the face, the bavolet of crape placed rather high, and surmounted with a second one of lace, pose rather higher, and reaching round to the left side, three folds of crape borders the interior of the brim, which is also ornamented with half wreaths of small roses. Bunches of shaded marabouts are much sought after for the decorating of bonnets of crape or tulle bollonne.

FANCY STRAW BONNETS are, if possible, more in vogue than ever, the lightest and most piquant of these capotes being decorated with wreaths of colored chrysantemus, or variegated violets, intermixed with leaves; bunches of fancy camilas, or Scotch heath, are also much worn.

MANTELETS.—Amid a variety of different patterns we have selected the following as being of the last fashion, composed of tulle, embroidered a trois pelerines, each trimmed with lace, the first one formed very long, and rounded at the back, hollowed over the top part of the arm, and descending over the front in rounded ends; the second cape falls rather lower than the waist, and forms a facing to the ends in the front; lastly, the third, which just reaches the shoulder, finished in the front, and falling as low as the waist; a lace posse on the top of the mantelet, forming a collar, is continued down the front, and encircles the ends.

PROMENADE DRESSES.—The following may be considered as the mode adopted for this style of dress at the present moment:—For instance, a dress of gipsey plaid, the skirt trimmed with broad tucks, surmounted with narrow folds of the same, forming a heading round the bottom of the jupe; the body high and plain, the point of the waist slightly rounded,—plain sleeves, with folds at the top forming the epaulet. Others are composed of Pekin calibi, trimmed with an immense broad flounce, reaching a third way up on the dress, and cut in square points, lightly fulled; the body plain and very long waisted, the point of which is rounded and open in the front en cœur; plain sleeves. Flounces are still the rage, very broad, and put on rather scanty; they are generally cut in the form of vandyke, pinked or stamped. Morning dresses have two broad tucks or folds, having a more simple appearance.

PALETOTS.—For the country, the paletot tweed is the most worn, ornamented with facings, and buttoning straight up the centre; in length, this distinguished looking pelisse descends no farther than the knee, and is generally edged round the bottom with a deep fringe or black lace.

COLORS.—Fashionable colors remain the same as last month, pink and lavender, blue and fawns, green and peach shots being the most worn. In all that relates to the evening dress, white is decidedly preferred, particularly by our young *elegantes.*—*Lond. World of Fashion.*

INTERMITTENT FEVER, like every other disordered motion of the blood, is only an effort of Nature, to throw off something that is opposed to health; hence languor, weariness, pain in the back and head, alternate fits of heat and cold, and other symptoms of Fever and Ague.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for all kinds of Fever, because they expel from the body those bilious and corrupt humors which are the cause not only of Chills and Fevers, but of every malady incident to man.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood, and therefore will not only make a perfect cure of the above vexatious complaint, but will impart such health and vigor to the constitution as to enable it to resist any future attack of Chills and Fever.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by W. & J. H. Keim, North Fifth street, Reading, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

N. B. The genuine medicine, can with certainty, be obtained from Messrs. J. W. Ringler & Co., Grocers, and Messrs. Stichter & McKnight, Reading, Pa., and also, at the offices, No. 169 Race St. Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

Remember, none are right except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

[illegible]

Our Mail Receipts.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Married.

[illegible]

Died.

[illegible]

Gems from the Poets.

A TWILIGHT LANDSCAPE.

BY THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Oh! come at this hour, love! the daylight is gone,
And the heavens weep dew on the flowers;
And the spirit of loneliness steals, with a moan,
Through the shade of the eglantine bowers:
For the moon is asleep on her pillow of clouds,
And her curtain is drawn in the sky;
And the gale, as it wantons along the young buds,
Falls faint on the ear—like a sigh:
The summer-day sun is too gaudy and bright
For a heart that has suffered like mine;
And, methinks, there were pain, in the noon of its light,
To a spirit so broken as thine!
The birds, as they mingled their music of joy,
And the roses that smiled in the beam,
Would but tell us of feelings for ever gone by,
And of hopes that have passed like a dream!

And the moonlight,—pale spirit! would speak of the time
When we wandered beneath its soft gleam,
Along the green meadows, when life was in prime,
And worshipped its face in the stream:
When our hopes were as sweet, and our life-path as bright,
And as cloudless, to fancy's young eye,
As the star-spangled course of that phantom of light,
Along the blue depths of the sky!
Then come in this hour love! when twilight has hung
Its shadowy mantle around;
And no sound, save the murmurs that breathe from thy tongue,
Or thy footfall—scarce heard on the ground!
Shall steal on the silence, to waken a fear,
When the sun that is gone, with its heat,
Has left on the cheek of all nature a tear,—
Then, hearts that are broken should meet!

The Far West.

THE PIONEER MOTHER.

How much is comprised in this simple title! How much of woman's daring, woman's trials, and woman's enduring and ennobling virtues! The pioneer mothers of the West! meet companions of the bold Boons, the Shelbys, the Harrisons, and their worthy compatriots in reclaiming, civilizing and peopling the great garden valley. Most of the pioneer mothers have given place to the "olive branches" that in early times crowded around the rude table of the still ruder home-cabin, but their memories should be cherished from generation to generation by the millions of inheritors of the heritage that now "buds and blossoms like the rose." Few live in written history, for much of the early annals of the West is treasured only in fading tradition, and seldom even in this does the pioneer mother hold that prominence merited by her life of devoted sacrifice and self-denial. We are pleased to find in a recent number of the Cincinnati Chronicle an interesting account of one of these mothers, which is thus introduced by the editor:

The Pioneer Mother; for so may be called Mary Craig, whose story is in this paper, was one of the first settlers of Cincinnati. The story is not fiction, but fact; the romance of veritable history. If the reader is half as much interested in it as we were, he will be glad that the writer has given to the world one portrait, so vivid and so beautiful, of the "Pioneer Mothers."

MARY CRAIG.

Early in the Spring of 1843, as soon as the snow banks had well disappeared, after a long and tedious winter, a tall robust man, of middle age and melancholy countenance, might have been seen, day after day, examining the ancient tombstones in the different cemeteries about New York. He had come from the "Far West," the place of his nativity, and the active scenes of his life, and was searching the grave-yards of the city for the tombstone of his maternal grand-parents—the father and mother of Mary Craig.

To the inquirer, the stranger's story was simple though interesting, and exhibits one of the many instances where real life surpasses in affecting incident even romance itself.

"John Craig, the father of Mary Craig, emigrated from Scotland to New York about the year 1767, Mary, his youngest daughter, having been born on the voyage to this country. He had barely become comfortably settled in his new home, when he was called to bid his family a final adieu, Mary then being but six years old. The widow and her children remained in the city of New York until the breaking out of the revolutionary war, about three years after, and when Mary had attained her ninth year. At this early age, however, she had imbibed Whig principles, and her whole soul was embarked in the success of that struggle for liberty. Soon after, the city fell into the hands of the British, and her mother, being left among strangers in a distant land, meeting ...

... sity of affection which nothing could moderate. She bore all the privations of fourteen years of war, British and Indian, exposed to the most imminent dangers, and her heart and nerves never failed her. But when one, and then another, and yet another of her children were taken from her by the stern hand of *death*, her 'heart was smitten and withered like grass;' life lost its attractions—earth its loveliness—and home its endearments. She sunk under the loss of her children, and died of a broken heart."

The stranger paused—the big tear stood in his eye, and with quivering lip he added—"the first daughter born to me after my mother, I called Mary Craig, though the eldest had been partly named for her years before. It was a most lovely child, but it had an unearthly beauty and sweetness about it. The neighbors noticed this, and whispered to each other, 'little Mary will not live—she belongs not to earth—her home is in heaven.' She died at an early age; and still when I think of that sweet child, and its sainted grand-mother, my heart involuntarily exclaims—'will the earth ever be blessed with another Mary Craig?'"—*Cleaveland Herald.*

SOUND OPINION.

The Charleston Mercury closes an article on the subject of Dr. Hagan's death, with the following remarks:

Dr. Hagan's system was essentially wrong, and the journalist who takes upon himself to be the administrator of the criminal law, will find that his office is one of nearly unmitigated mischief. Writing, in the heat and confusion of each day's pressing business, under the impulse of party feeling, prejudice and onesided attempts, he is of all men least qualified for a criminal judge—and yet of all tribunals, his is the most terrible, and of all sentences his is the most blasting. Published without warning, on secret information, in a single day it is scattered over a state—and the victim hears it echoed like the thunder among the circling mountains, and the whole earth with one voice repeating his disgrace. It is a thing to make a man mad and act madly. And if such liberty be allowed at all, is it not certain that malice and revenge will use it far oftener for calumny, than virtue for honest denunciation! The proper material for the journalist is what concerns the public—and these things he ought to treat as far as possible in their general character. Personalities not only debase the press, but they necessarily involve a narrow mindedness, a contraction of scope, egotism of the editors, which leaves them no claim upon the public, other than what might be asserted by the brutes and bullies who fight in the streets—it is the claim of a public nuisance.

THE PRAIRIE LAND.

The sun is ushering in the day,
Then up for a merry race—away!
Away to the prairies broad and green,
Ere the timid wild fawn quits his lair,
While the grass is bent with dew-drops sheen,
And the bright verbena scents the air;
Ho! the sky is clear, and the breeze is mild,
Then up and away for the prairie wild!

Away! there is life in such a ride!
Mark how your courser's hoof is dyed
With the strawberry's crimson juice, and hark!
Those ringing notes so round and clear—
'Tis the merry song of the prairie lark,
As he warbles it out to his nestlings dear;
Gay life is around us on every hand—
Oh, where is the life of the prairie land!

Correspondence.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF DOCTOR MAYHEW.

The celebrated Jonathan Mayhew, D. D., was married at thirty-five to Miss Elizabeth Clarke, then but twenty-two. Bradford, in his life of the Doctor, gives several characteristic letters from him to Miss Clark, and to her brother, written during his courtship. They show that a studious and literary man may be susceptible of the tender passion, yet do not make this author appear quite as ridiculous as the excellent Dr Doddridge was made to seem by the publication of some of his letters of the same kind. The first of the following are addressed to Dr. William Clark:

"March 16, 1756.*

"Dear Sir,—One Mr. Jo. Bill, has promised, by his curious art of cookery, to turn a calf's-head and pluck into a good sea-turtle for us to-day. I did not suppose that you have any particular love of such sort of food, and hope I have not myself. However, this metamorphosed calf's-head may possibly be a curiosity to you; and if you will come and partake of it with me, you will have pleasure of Mr. Quincy's† company, who may at present, perhaps, find no inconvenience from such a diet.

"Yours most affectionately,

"J. Mayhew.

"P. S. I was going to request you to present my compliments to Miss Betsey;‡ but I do not like the formality of that word. I desire you would, in plain old English, give my hearty love to her: but do not, for the world, let her know a syllable of what I have written about turtle food. For you know ministers ought, in all propriety and prudence, to be very grave, not to say stupid; and for them to jest, in any way, about such things, is almost as bad as *heresy*."§

This is to the lady herself.

"Boston, June 10, 1756.

"Dear Betsey.—This is one of the most unnecessary, impertinent letters that ever you received; the chief design of it being to tell you, only what you know so well already, that I never can forget you: and that no distance of place can lessen my love and regards to you. I intend, with submission to Providence, to see you at Waltham, on Saturday next, or at the farthest on Monday. I would not willingly indulge a suspicion that any advantage will be taken of my absence, to prejudice me in your esteem. However, if any attempts of this nature should be made, I flatter myself they will be in vain. I am persuaded, from the experience I have had of your constancy and fidelity, that I am concerned with a person of the greatest honor and generosity; and accordingly place the most unreserved confidence in you. Believe me, charming creature, I most ardently long to ...

The Humorist.

Beautifully Pathetic.—A country editor thus gave vent to his sorrows, in "breathing numbers"—

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
We've seen our fondest hopes decay;
We never raised a calf or cow, or
Hen that laid an egg a day.
But it was "marked" and took away!—
We never fed a sucking pig,
To glad us with its sunny eye,
But when 'twas grown up fat and big,
And fit to roast or boil or fry—
We couldn't find it in the sty.

☞ The publisher of the Salem Advertiser, tells the following story. "Passing down Essex street lately we were accosted by a gentleman thus—'Did you print a paper in —— some twelve years ago?' 'Yes,' we replied. 'I owe you —— dollars for subscription to that paper,' continued the gentleman, 'and I wish to pay what is justly your due.' The Millenium is evidently near at hand."

☞ Punch says that in consequence of the success of the new work called the *Environs of Reading*, it is intended to bring out a book called the *Suburbs of Spelling*, which will be followed in rapid succession by the *Precincts of Prosody* and the *Outskirts of Orthography*. "Reading," it will be perceived, of course, stands for the name of a town.

☞ The following notice was lately affixed at a church door in Hertfordshire, and read in the church:—"This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to the parish-clerk."

☞ As a stern wheel boat was passing one of the hotels at Beaver Point the other day, a little girl who was standing on the porch watched it for a moment, and then ran into the house, exclaiming, "mother, mother, come out and see this steamboat—*its got a bustle on.*"

☞ The Kalida (O.) Venture says: "We hope our friends will overlook our *irregularities* for the past few weeks. We are now permanently located in the county jail, with sufficient force to insure the regular issue of our paper in future."

☞ A gentleman in Kentucky has obtained a patent for a telescope, that will bring the farthest objects so near, as to enable him to give any fellow a sound licking who may be seen trespassing in a field of buckwheat twenty miles off.

☞ "What *is* love, Ellen?" said Sammy the other night as he sat by the side of his sweetheart. "Love! Sammy, I hardly know what it is; but suppose it must be getting married, and kissing little babies." Sammy fainted.

☞ "If I give you office," said a man in power to an applicant for place, "will you and the party in carrying out its principles?" "I should most willingly," said the other, "but I don't believe the party has got any principles."

☞ A Broadway fop asked a friend what apology ...

WHY DON'T HE COME?

Scientific.

HISTORY OF MR. READ, AND HIS INVENTION OF THE STOMACH PUMP.

Choice Anecdotes.

DR. DWIGHT AND MR. DENNIE.

Eastern Customs.

AN EAST INDIAN GUEST.

"He was dressed in a clear muslin pelisse, with all his black skin showing through; the holes of his ears stuck full of jewels, gold bracelets on his arms, and a diamond locket hung round his neck. I call him 'Penny Whistle Row;' if that is not quite his real name, it is so like it I am sure it must mean that. When he came into the drawing-room, he stopped at the entrance [N. B. we have no doors] to make us most profound salams, which we returned to the best of our ability; then he presented us with an orange each, and there were more salams on either side. At last, when we had all done all our mopping and mowing, he sat down and began his chirp. He paid a variety of set compliments, as they all do; but, those over, he was more curious about European matters than the natives in general are. In particular, he wished to know whether it was true that our King was dead, and that we had a woman to reign over us. This was quite beyond his comprehension—how she was to contrive to reign, and how men were to agree to obey her, he gave up in despair. He asked whether the King's death would make any difference to us: he was in hopes it might have given A—— a step in the service. He invited us to come and spend a week with him, which we fully intend to do as soon as the weather allows.

"When he had sat about an hour he took his leave with the same ceremonies as at his arrival; salams on all sides, pipe whistling, jew's-harp twanging, guards recovering arms, courtiers putting on their shoes, and all marching off to the word of command as before, 'Halt! present! Fire!' At parting he shook hands to show how European his manners were, and took leave of *me* in English: 'My lady, I now to your excellency say farewell. I shall hope you to pay me one visit and on one week go (meaning *hence*) I shall come again to see the face of your honor civilian.'

"Besides the Rajahs, there are a number of natives of lower rank who are very fond of calling to keep themselves in remembrance in case of an appointment falling vacant. Some only come as far as the gate, and stand there to make salam when we go out. These never speak, but they put on some part of the dress belonging to the situation they want, in order that we may understand their meaning. A Court writer in expectance holds writing materials in his hand; a peon sticks a dagger in his belt, &c. Others of rather higher pretensions come to the house and pay a visit. One of them calls regularly twice a week, and the same dialogue takes place whenever he comes:—

"'Visitor—Salam, great chief!'

"'A.—Salam to you.'

"'Visitor—Your excellency is my father and my mother!'

"'A.—I am much obliged to you.'

"'Visitor—Sar, I am come to behold your honorable face.'

"'A.—Thank you. Have you anything to say to me?'

"'Visitor—Nothing, great chief!'

"'A.—Neither have I anything to say, so good morning; enough for to day.'

THE BAGPIPE IN HAVANA.

Choice Selections.

STANZAS.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

...

Religion's power sustain our hope—
And, though our course be mark'd with fears,
"We cannot sink with such a prop."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Arabs of the Desert most commonly clothe themselves in manufactures of camel's hair; and the article most prized by them is the "haik," or cloak of that material: it is either black or white, with or without broad stripes; it consists of a square piece, with holes for arms, and has no seam. The Druses of Lebanon, and the people of Mesopotamia, not only wear a coat which is "without seam" but of "many colors," having variegated stripes proceeding to a point downwards from the shoulders like a reversed pyramid. This is believed to be of the same descriptions as that bestowed by Jacob on his favorite child. We are informed that our Saviour also wore "a coat without seam, woven from the top throughout;" and that, in the wilderness, St. John "had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins." The "sackcloth" of the Scriptures was a similar manufacture, but of the roughest kind, like that which is worn by dervishes and reputed saints. It is still used for sacks and tent-covers. We can easily understand the necessity of a girdle; no person with loose flowing robes can engage in active occupation without first "girding up the loins"—that is taking up a portion of their dress out of their way. Some lay aside their outer garments for the time; others put forth their strength by fastening a belt or girdle round the waist, by laying bare the arms to the shoulder. Thus, Elijah "girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to Jezreel;" and the sacred writings abound in passages which, like this, illustrate the habits of those who wear the oriental costume.—*Yate's Modern History of Egypt.*

Pretty Good.—A friend who has just returned from the upper countries, informs us that while resting one day at a farmer's house on the road side, a constable came in and informed the resident he had an execution against him, and wished to levy on his property. Three barrels of corn and a calf were pointed out as being the sum total. The constable conceiving it to be his duty to lay hands on every thing he executed, proceeded to discharge said duty by taking hold of every ear of corn, saying each time, "*I execute thee,*" and lay it aside; after going over the three barrels of corn with the same ceremony, he proceeded to execute the calf. In order to catch it easily, he offered it some corn—but the bait was refused. He took after it—it run, and he ran—being a little lame, the calf rather outran him—over hill and hollows they went, he grabbing at the calf's tail as he ran. Finally the calf stumbled over a log and fell, and he being in too close pursuit to discover the log, went over too—and the calf and constable were in a pile together; in the fall he caught the calf by the tail, and as he did so it blated—b-a-h, and the constable ejaculated, "*I execute thee!*" He then retired, much fatigued, saying he had rather execute any thing else than a calf.—*Boonslick Times.*

THE PARTING PLEDGE.

BY MISS FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER

Yet once again! but once, before we sever,
Fill me one brimming cup—it is the last,
And let these lips now parting and for ever,
Breathe o'er this pledge "The memory of the past!"

Joy's fleeting sun is set, and no to-morrow
Smiles on the gloomy path we tread so fast;
Yet in the bitter cup, o'erfilled with sorrow,
Lives one sweet drop—the memory of the past!

But one more look from those dear eyes now shining
Through their warm tears, their loveliest and their last,
But one more strain of hands in friendship twining,
Now farewell all, save memory of the Past!

Julius Cæsar.—It is possible to be a very great man, and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character (so Lord Bacon thought) of ...

THE BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

FLOWERS.

The flowers! the flowers! they smile on all,
By cottage door and princely hall;
They brighten in the sunshine fair,
And fill with sweets the midnight air;
They spring in forests dark and old—
On mountain tops they brave the cold,
And I have heard that ocean blue
Sweeps over flowers of matchless hue.

And ever find they sweet employ,
Those little messengers of joy,—
They glance along the shaded way
Where oft the merry school-boys play,
Half crushed in apron clean and neat,
Out at the sides they loved to peep;
Or, cushioned, kiss some rosy hand—
The richest vase in all the land.

The flowers! the flowers! are taught of God;
They blossomed where the Saviour trod,
He saw them innocent and fair,
Sustained by Heaven's unpurchased care,
And to his pure and holy eyes,
They more than equalled Syrian dyes;
The Eastern monarch famed of old,
In robes of purple wrought with gold,
Must to the Lily of the field
The glory of his vesture yield.

A Genius in Difficulties.—The Portland Bulletin gives the following very rich case:—"His name is Daniel Evans. Besides being up to all the items enumerated in your schedule, he paints mourning pieces, makes card racks, expounds scripture, composes spiritual songs and temperance ballads—is a professor of animal magnetism, neurology, phrenology and astrology, tells fortunes, extracts corns, charms away warts, gives recipes for the compounding of matchless curative life pills, revivifying elixirs and poor men's plasters—takes portraits and miniatures, is a roarer on the fiddle, accordion and jew's harp, extracts teeth, defies the world as an inventor of perpetual motions, knows Hoyle by heart, is a caution to Millerism, and can turn twenty-three somersets without stopping! Now, do you give it up?"

Questions for Debating Societies.—An English Journal presents the following questions for solution. They can answer for some of our debating societies, or can some of our debating societies answer them?

"Is it not more than probable that the lost tribe of Ham may yet be detected in the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands?

"If a tailor commences a suit *for* me, can he afterwards change his ground, and commence a suit *against* me?

"If a besieging general batters down the walls of a town, and the siege is afterwards raised by a treaty of peace, does the law of nations require the general to stop and mend his breeches?"

Industrious England.—The proportion of persons in the United Kingdom who pass their time without applying to any gainful operation is quite inconsiderable. Of 5,812,276 males, twenty years of age and upwards, living at the time of the census of 1831, there were said to be engaged in some calling or profession 5,466,182, as follows:—In agriculture, 2,470,111; in trade and manufactures, 1,863,767; in labor, not agriculture, 698,588; in domestic service, 132,811; as bankers, clergymen, professional men, &c., 275,904; thus leaving unemployed only ... per cent. of the ...—*... Nation.*

The Olio.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

OF LITERATURE AND ART.

NEW VOLUME. JULY, 1843.

EDITORS:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM AND RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

The second semi-annual volume of Graham's Magazine, for 1843, was commenced with the July number. The Publisher and Editors, while expressing satisfaction of the extraordinary success with which their efforts to elevate the character of the periodical literature of the country have been crowned, respectfully offer a statement of their preparations for the Twenty-Third Volume. As is well known, no other magazine ever published in the English language, has presented such an array of illustrious contributors. ALLSTON, BRYANT, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, HERBERT, GRATTAN, LONGFELLOW, PAULDING, WILLIS, WILDE, constitute, alone, a corps equal to any ever before engaged for a single work. An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers have all furnished for this miscellany, articles equal to the best they have given to the world. They, with our other old contributors, will continue to enrich our pages with their productions; and several eminent authors who have not hitherto appeared in our pages, among whom are FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, DR. BETHUNE, JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, JOSEPH C. NEAL, RALPH WALDO EMERSON and others, will hereafter be added to the list. Of course therefore, all attempts to compete with Graham's Magazine, in its literary character, will be unsuccessful. In every department the highest talent of the country will be enlisted and no effort spared to maintain its present reputation as the leading literary periodical of America. Articles will appear in the Twenty-Third Volume from each of the following distinguished writers:

James K. Paulding, Author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward Ho!" etc. etc.
Fitz-Greene Halleck, Author of "Fanny," "Alnwick Castle," etc.
James Fenimore Cooper, Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," "Naval History," "Home as Found," "The American Democrat," etc.
Richard H. Dana, Author of "The Buccaneers," "The Idle Man," "Discourses on Shakspeare," etc.
William Cullen Bryant, Author of "The Ages," "The Fountain, and other Poems," etc.
T. C. Grattan, Author of "Highways and Byways," "Jacqueline of Holland," "History of the Netherlands," "The Heiress of Bruges," etc.
Henry W. Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," "Outre Mer," "Ballads and other Poems," etc.
N. P. Willis, Author of "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband," "Inklings of adventure," "Letters from under a Bridge," etc.
Charles Fenno Hoffman, Author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," etc.
William Falconer, Author of "Translations from Contemporary French and German Poets," "Residence in the Isle of France," etc.
Henry William Herbert, Author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," "The Maid of Orleans," "Ringwood the Rover," etc.
H. T. Tuckerman, Author of "Rambles and Reveries," "Isabelle, or Sicily," etc.
Theodore S. Fay, Author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida, etc."
John H. Mancur, Author of "Henri Quatre, or the Days of the League," etc.
Rufus W. Griswold, Author of "The Poets and Poetry of America," etc.
James Russell Lowell, Author of "A Year's Life, and other Poems," "Old English Dramatists," etc.
Cornelius Mathews, Author of "The Politicians," "The Motley Book," "Puffer Hopkins," etc.
Rev. Walter Colton, Author of "Constantinople and Athens," "Ship and Shore," etc.
Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, Author of "Random Shots," "Agathe," etc.
Alfred B. Street, Author of "Nature," "The Burning of Schenectady," etc.
George Hill, Author of "The Ruins of Athens," "Titania's Banquet," etc.
Albert Pike, Author of "Hymns to the Gods," "Sketches and Poems," etc.
Edgar A. Poe, Author of "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," etc.
H. Hastings Weld, Author of "Corrected Proofs," etc.
Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D.
Joseph C. Neal, Author of "Charcoal Sketches," etc.
John Inman.
Joseph R. Chandler, Editor of the United States Gazette.
Robert Morris.
Hon. Robert T. Conrad, Author of "Aylmere," etc.
William E. Burton.
George Lunt, Author of "The Grave of Byron," etc.
Rev. Louis L. Noble.
Charles J. Peterson.
George H. Colton, Author of "Tecumseh," etc.
Reynell Coates, M. D.
Walter Lander, Author of "Stanley," etc.
W. A. Jones.

Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Author of "Constance Latimer the Blind Girl," "Guido, and other Poems," etc.
Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, Author of "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," etc.
Mrs. Seba Smith, Author of "The Sinless Child," "The Western Captive, or the Times of Tecumseh," "Essays, Critical and Miscellaneous," etc.
Mrs. "Mary Clavers," Author of "A New Home—Who'll Follow?" "Forest Life," etc.
Mrs. Maria Brooks, Author of "Zophiel, or The Bride of Seven," etc.
Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Author of "Mary Derwent," etc.
Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, Author of "Zinzendorf and other Poems," "Letters to Mothers," etc.
Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Author of "Characteristics of Schiller," "Rambles in the Country," etc.
Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, Author of "Poems and Essays," etc.
Mrs. Amelia B. Welby, Author of "Poems by Amelia," etc.
Mrs. A. M. F. Annan, Author of "Tales and Sketches," etc.
"F. E. F." Author of "The Marriage of Convenience," ...

SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS.

TERMS.

NEW PREMIUMS.

DR. D. JAYNE'S FAMILY MEDICINES.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS

JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM